

A Cliff Side

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Summary: Oneshot. Life is all about wonder and happiness. But what if none of that is in your life. What if, instead, all you have is depression and loneliness. Is there even a reason to keep living? Mild HXA.

A Cliff Side

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Hiccup looked out over the sea from the cliff side. He had been with his cousin, Snotlout, when he had run out here. He let the memory flow through his mind.

Hiccup had been on his way home when the dragon raid had started. He had turned around and rushed strait back to the forge to test out on of his latest inventions. It was a small explosive device that would detonate shortly after being lit. He had gotten the idea from the Zippleback's gas. After grabbing one and lighting it, he had chucked it at a passing Nightmare. Not surprisingly, it had taken too long to explode, rolled harmlessly off its back, and ended up demolishing a small building. Luckily, it was unused and didn't hurt anybody. Unluckily, his father still yelled at him. But to make matters worse, after being sent toward the house, he had run into one of his least favorite people. Snotlout. And Snotlout never passed up an opportunity to pick on his younger cousin.

"_Hey, Useless, thanks for taking out that building. Now I don't have to help my dad take it down. And with all that extra time on my hands, we can have some 'cousin-bonding' time."_

Of course, the translation of "cousin-bonding" time was "beat-Hiccup-till-he's-sensless-while-insulting-him-till-he-feels-worthless" time. And that is exactly what happened.

Insults such as "You're the worst Viking Berk has ever seen!", "Nobody would ever want to be friends with Hiccup the Useless.", "You're so weak, I'm ashamed to be related to you.", and "Your dad would have to give up the chieftdom just to get a girl to look at you!" were shouted in his face amidst the punches and kicks. But the most cutting remark had been, "The village would be better off without you. You should just go jump off a cliff. Heck, the village would probably throw the biggest party in the history of Berk. And guess who would probably be celebrating the most? ...Your father." Then Snotlout had just walked away chuckling, leaving Hiccup lying curled up in his own blood, covered in bruises.

Hiccup had wasted no time in getting up and running for the forest, incase his cousin decided he needed more "bonding". He had run, not wanting anyone to see his tears or how pathetic he was. He thought he might have seen Astrid training, but couldn't be sure with the tears in his eyes.

Now he stood here at the edge of the cliff, tears dried up and gone. "Snotlout's right," he spoke to himself, "The village would be better off without you. No one around to mess up their defenses or blow up buildings. I mean, it's not like you have anything going for you. No skills, no reputation, no girlfriend - heck, no friends period- no mother, no support. Why would anyone even miss you? Your own father would probably jump for joy at the news that his weak excuse for a Viking son was gone. Not to mention the village would be so relieved that you wouldn't become chief. So why don't you? It's just one step and then you'll see mom again and the village would be happy. Just do it."

With that said, he moved closer to the edge until he was just a step away from falling. Suddenly, a blur came out of nowhere and forced him away from his death and onto his back. Hiccup, after regaining his breath, looked up and saw Astrid sitting on him, pinning him to the ground.

"Astrid? Whatâ€œwhyâ€œ"

"ARE YOU INSANE?!" she shouted in his face, "What were you doing?! You could have died!"

"That was kinda the idea," he mumbled.

Astrid sat on top of him with a rather shocked expression. He had just tried to commit _suicide?_ Sure, she had known he was weird and a little crazy, but not _that crazy!_

"WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?!" she screamed. She had no idea why she was so concerned. She had just been practicing with her axe when she had seen Hiccup race past her. For a single second, she had caught sight of his face and found herself running after him. Somehow he had outpaced her and by the time she caught up he was dangerously close to the edge of oblivion. Her instincts had kicked into over drive as she felt fear like she had never felt before. She had pushed him away and then she thought she could just get up and leave. She hadn't been expecting _this_.

"Why wouldn't I?" he shot back at her.

"Because you have so much to live for!"

"Like WHAT?"

She opened her mouth to answer but was cut off. "Nothing! I have nothing to live for. All I do is cause destruction wherever I go. I have no friends, not one person who cares about me, not even my own father! I mean, look at all the others. When was the last time anyone of you guys talked to me when it didn't consist of shouting, making fun of me, or beating me? Never, that's when. Not even so much as a thank you for sharpening your axe."

Astrid was left there looking down at the boy she hadn't given the time of day before and she realized that he truly had nothing to live for. That if she were in his shoes, she probably would have tried to do the same thing. She couldn't help but admire that he had even gotten this far. But her stubbornness wouldn't allow her to admit defeat.

"All the more reason for you to live. To prove them wrong."

"What's the point? Even if I did, all it would take is one tiny mistake and it's back to square one."

"No, it wouldn't. All you have to do is find what your good at and stick with it. And you will find it. Just give it time."

"All this coming from the girl who laughed at my every humiliation?" he retorted, his sarcastic attitude coming back to him.

Astrid looked at him. Really looked at him. She looked at his face, his hair, his nose, his mouth, even his freckles. But she finally settled on his eyes. In those eyes, she saw a world of loneliness and solitude. She saw grief and sorrow. She saw a misunderstood boy who just wanted to be accepted. But she also saw determination, hope, dreams, and a type of child-like innocence that she had seen die in all her peers, including herself, and it was something she truly missed. Maybe that was what caused her next action or maybe it was something else. She didn't know. All she knew was that she quickly leaned down and gave him a quick, chaste, peck on the cheek.

Hiccup lay there, stunned. One second, she seemed angry, the next, shocked, then contemplative, and finally, longing. Then she had suddenly she had kissed him and was now standing quickly brushing off imaginary dust and blushing profusely.

"Why did youâ€"

"Let that be a reminder to never give up, even if everyone else says that you're wrong."

Then she turned back into the forest and ran off. Hiccup lay there for a few more seconds and then got up and looked at the sea. I can either sinkâ€ Then he looked up. The sky was a brilliant display of red, orange, and pink. The clouds were large and soft looking and for the first time in a long time he felt hope. â€or I can fly. It was time to spread his wings and try to fly his own course. If not for himself, then at least to try and get a couple more kisses.

End
file.